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Reading Room Divinity School

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 39. CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.

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THE HEROIC AGE.

He speaks not well who doth his time deplore,
Naming it new and little and obscure,
Ignoble, and unfit for lofty deeds.
All times were modern in the time of them,
And this no more than others. Do thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great
Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
Gazing long back to this far-looming hour,
Say: "Then the time when men were truly men:
Though wars grew less, their spirits met the test
Of new conditions: conquering civic wrong;
Saving the state anew by virtuous lives;
Guarding their country's honor as their own,
And their own as their country's, and their sons'.
Defying leaguèd fraud with single truth,
Not fearing loss, aud daring to be pure.
When error through the land raged like a pest,
They calmed the madness caught from mind to mind,
By wisdom drawn from eld, and counsel sane;
And as the martyrs of the ancient world
Gave Death for man, so nobly gave they Life:
Those the great days, and that the heroic age."

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

MADAME:

WHAT IS SAFETY WORTH TO YOU?

We court the Ice Inspectors ! We Invite Commissioner Reynolds

Extract from the News.

Reynolds Wants Ice Inspectors.

Commissioner of Health Reynolds will send a communication to the council explaining the necessity of making provision for the inspection of ice. There is an ordinance to the effect that the city shall have four inspectors who shall see that the ice companies do not sell for domestic purposes ice that is cut from stagnant pools. There is no appropriation for such inspectors, however, and the commissioner says that unless special action is taken in the matter, Chicago will be at the mercy of the ice companies.

HERE'S A BOOMERANG for the companies that get their ice from "any old place." The beautiful, clear, sparkling water of Lake Geneva is the home of our purest of pure ice. Enough said for **Purity.** Enough ice for twenty thousand families! The "Trust" says not—But?—**We meet their price, and beat their ice!**

MANHATTAN ICE CO.

TELEPHONE
South--214

The Publisher of THE NEW UNITY take pleasure in announcing that he is organizing a series of **Select, Personally Conducted Tourist Parties for a**

FIVE TO SEVEN WEEKS' VISIT TO

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THE NEW UNITY
185-187 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Vacation for Two Girls.

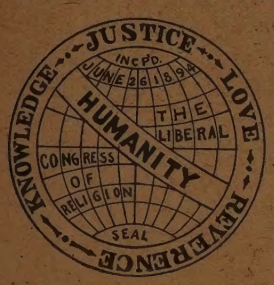
The editor of THE NEW UNITY has explained in his columns his plan for giving the working girls of Chicago an outing at Tower Hill, Wis. Twelve dollars, he says, will secure one girl a two-week's vacation at this restful resort, including her fare both ways. Cheap enough! Who would n't go down in his pocket to help an overworked young woman get away from the dust, and noise, and worry of city life for a couple of delightful weeks in the open air and shade, among the birds and wild flowers?

There are scores of men in Chicago who ought to send a hundred working girls to Tower Hill for a fortnight's rest and recreation. Is there a man in this great city who can thoroughly enjoy his own vacation if he neglects such an opportunity as this, to let a little sunlight into the life of some one whose share in the pleasures of youth are being nobly sacrificed on the altar of love and duty,—to whom this outing will extend her power of supporting not only herself, but dependent relatives.

We all expect to have an outing of some kind this summer. Let us give a little thought to those who can't afford it, especially to these working girls, who would appreciate it. Let us help the editor on in his noble plan. The publisher of THE NEW UNITY starts with $25.00. It 's only a beginning, but it will make two girls happy, and a dollar to spare. Who comes next?

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1897. NUMBER 14.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, nospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

The eminence, the nobleness, of a people depends on its capability of being stirred by memories, and of striving for what we call spiritual ends,—ends which consist, not in immediate material possession, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling that animates the collective body as with one soul. GEORGE ELIOT.

The Independent Pulpit is a fair-sized monthly of thirty pages, published at Waco, Tex., containing a goodly amount of fearless, liberal material. It does not always discriminate, as it seems to us, between the crass and the liberal, the radical and the merely iconoclastic, but the spirit is evidently sincere, and the purpose is progressive and educative. The fact that there is a constituency to receive such a message, and a messenger in that far West, is of itself a fact of much significance.

The May 27th number of the *Union Signal* is a flower mission number. Many new things have absorbed the attention of the American public since this modest beneficence began its systematic life some twenty years ago, and many women have found new ways to help the world along, but this still remains one of the tenderest benefactions of modern times, one farthest removed from abuse and least open to criticism. The simple beauty of nature can scarcely be made to minister to unholy motives in its recipient or donor.

We have had tidings from time to time of the hopeful Ministers' Union that centers around Ayer, Mass., in which heterodox, orthodox, and Catholic join for social communion, intellectual exchange, and spiritual exaltation. A copy of the Fitchburg (Mass.) *Sentinel* is before us, giving an account of a similar meeting on one of the hilltops of New Hampshire, where, in the rural parish of Lyndeborough, the ministers of the country around joined in a day of fellowship, and here again orthodox and heterodox stood side by side, ate, sang, prayed, and talked together, and none were the worse, but all were the better for it.

The following extract from a private letter greatly relieves our mind. In reading the editorial in question we were impressed all the way through with its non-feminine character, and said, "It cannot be that a woman wrote this," but we assumed that a woman must edit the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Our Quincy correspondent relieves us when she writes:

Dear Editor:—I have just been reading your comments upon that priggish and pompous editorial in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and am rejoiced to see a publicly printed expression of sentiments which so exactly coincide with my own. But I don't like having the writer referred to as "she," "this woman," etc. The editor in question is a man, Edward W. Bok, Esq., who has roused my ire on divers other occasions by his official utterances, but THE NEW UNITY has never happened before to take issue with him and relieve my aggravated soul. Women have their faults and failings; they are poor, weak, mortal creatures, it is true; but I trust no one of them would be guilty of writing an article of tone so revolting to the best instincts of humanity.

So now you know how one reader (not a bird-wearing one) was affected by "The Bird on the Woman's Hat!"

Yours, for the birds. * * *

A friend sends us the following unlocated and unauthenticated clipping from a newspaper. We have not undertaken to verify the letter. If it is genuine, as it would seem to be, it is a most interesting indication of the evolution of conscience and of the comparatively recent date of that international and inter-racial code of ethics which is now becoming so binding:

SEPTEMBER 15, 1682.

TO YE AGED AND BELOVED MR. JOHN HIGGINSON:—There be now at sea a ship called the Welcome which has on board an hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers with W. Penn, who is the chief scamp, at the head of them. The general court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huscott of the brig Porpoise to waylay the said Welcome slyly as near the Cape of Cod as may be, and make captive the said Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified, and not mocked, on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these people.

Much spoil can be made by selling the whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but we shall make great good for His ministers and people.

Master Huscott feels hopeful, and I will set down the news when the ship comes back.

Yours in ye bowels of Christ, COTTON MATHER.

Another great citizens' meeting was held in Chicago last Sunday afternoon in Central Music Hall, to protest against the iniquitous practices and ominous evidence of degeneracy that transpire at Springfield. The venerable Thomas B. Bryan, one of Chicago's oldest and noblest of citizens, presided. Burning words fell from the lips of many of Chicago's leading citizens, and resolutions of scathing rebuke and unrelenting antagonism were passed against the pending gas and railroad bills. Much has been said about anarchists and revolutionists in connection with the various demonstrations of laboring men during the last decade, but we can think of nothing so anarchistic and revolutionary in its tendencies as this high-handed attempt to capture the future interests of Chicago by the cold and shameless power of money. If there are anarchists in our midst, let there be no mistake as to their identity. He who would interfere with the legislative dignity of the state with powder and ball is an enemy, but he who would demoralize a state with boodle and bribes, is a hundred times more an enemy. There may be no one responsible for the dynamite bomb but the one that made and threw it, but each shareholder in the street-railway companies and gas companies of Chicago is directly responsible, so far as his vote and influence goes, for the high-handed treachery and insult committed by his representatives.

A recent number of the *Methodist Review*, a bimonthly, contains a most significant article, by Prof. H. W. Conn of the Wesleyan University, on "The Three Great Epochs of World Evolution," which he characterizes as,—1. The evolutions of worlds (physical); 2. The evolution of life (biological); 3. The evolution of mind (psychological). The striking thing is to find here a clear acceptance of evolution in all its breadth and length, reaching through religion to Christianity and evolution, championed in the *Methodist Review*. The article is full of pithy sentences, such as "The world refuses to stand still." "The revival of faith must be in the spirit of to-day, and not of yesterday." "Not only science, but philosophy, history, and religion are being profoundly modified by evolution. It has crept into every department of thought until it has unconsciously become a part of our life." "The principle of love is extending, in theory at least, to a universal love of mankind, leading to a universal brotherhood." "Everything that leads to closer union is a step in advance, while everything that leads towards disintegration of nations is a step backward." These citations are not startling even in a Methodist journal. All the world is feeling the inspiration of evolution, and all religious organizations within and without Christendom are yielding, following or leading in this inspiration.

The growth of a sentiment demanding economy and a more equitable distribution of life's comforts leads to some wise suggestions. The abominable display of unearned wealth will no doubt still continue. But we must learn to spend more wisely, and in some directions to cut off expenses altogether. The people are poor, and feeling their poverty. Taxes remain unpaid. Display is out of taste and indecent. There is probably no more profitless waste than in the case of a common funeral. We recall a a set of resolutions passed a few years ago by one of the Chicago ministerial associations, and by them submitted to the people. They read as follows: "That there be ordinarily no public invitation to the funeral services; that no funeral be held on Sunday when it is possible to avoid it; that attending friends view the remains, if at all, as they enter, and that the casket be closed immediately upon the conclusion of the service; that the service is ordinarily complete which consists simply of the reading of Scriptures, selections, and prayer, and that it may be properly concluded at the house without any addition at the grave; that only such persons accompany the remains to the grave as may be personally requested to do so; that needless expense, whether of carriages, flowers, or other matters, be avoided; that, in view of their multiplied and often exacting ministerial engagements, pastors be not requested to go to the cemetery; that it be remembered that Christian sentiment is not in accord with the practice, to which some have felt constrained to conform, of adopting heavy mourning costumes after the death of friends." These suggestions have the merit of undertaking to relieve some of the most unnecessary burdens connected with funeral services, and laid needlessly upon ministers; while at the same time, if adopted, they would remove the outrageous and unnecessary burdens placed upon the friends of the deceased by custom.

Potato-Patch Mission.

The potato-patch mission is an illustration of the unexpected but possible revolutions that are worked by apparently trivial causes. Mayor Pingree saw for a purpose what others have seen without a mental note, that a large part of the land included in our cities is not put to use. He saw that it could be used, and ought to be used, in a way to go far toward solving the problem of poverty. But Mr. Pingree did not see the whole of the possibilities involved in his potato and turnip patches. They have turned into schools of horticulture, and are educating the common laborers, and the tradesmen without work, to comprehend the elements of land culture. The report from Detroit, Denver, and a dozen other cities that have tried the experiment, is that there is a growing percentage of those who have experimented with patches, who thereby get into a love for horticulture, and then are led to get out of the

cities and buy land for themselves. The gorged state of our cities has come from a false system, or rather a defective system, of education. The immigration laws have of late tended to encourage none but tradesmen and mechanics to come into this country. These have gone naturally into towns to find work; the bigger the town, the more likely, as they suppose, to furnish employment. That they have been disappointed in getting work has not cured the drift. The government has been blind to the fact that an immigrant with a visible means of support is by no means sure of getting support, especially if his line of work is already overcrowded. It would have been far better to have let freely into the country the other class; those who having only their muscles must go into the country to use them.

But our own system of education has added to the difficulty. Our common-school system has educated for everything but agriculture. Our school-books have given abundant information as to all matters that pertain to trade, and even manufacture, but have omitted those items that will create a love for the land, and a capacity to earn a living by land-culture. Any one who wishes his boy to comprehend entomology, botany, and a knowlege of soils, need not send him to the public school, or, for that matter, to the private schools. He must open a school of his own, and keep his boys at work at that which he knows will end in making agriculturists of them. The result so far has been to take our best boys into the cities, to add to the confusion already created by packing them with foreigners. The social question is not what shall be done to keep these boys from being morally ruined, but what shall be done to keep them from being industrially wasted. The steam age, arising about forty years ago, drew in the same direction. It has been concentering in its nature, and discouraging to all that outlying population that has been left isolated in farmhouses. Since 1860 the high protection of manufactures was also worked to build up the town to the neglect of the country. The increase in manufactures was doubled from 1860 to 1870; again from 1870 to 1880; again from 1880 to 1890. All this means bigger factories, and larger factory towns; less taste for agriculture, and more taste for the factory life, with its herding instincts.

We are ready to welcome anything that will reverse the city drift. Of course a more rational common-school education must be the first factor in a wholesome change. This is slowly coming about. Professor Bailey of Cornell University is at the head of a band of enthusiastic workers in getting out from the press a set of text-books in horticulture and agriculture, which will very greatly stimulate the desired tendency. But we must turn with special thanks to Mr. Pingree and his potato patch. It is not clear, however, that even these influences, alone, will accomplish what we hope for. The deathblow to city gorgement will perhaps come by another, very unobserved, but radical change. The telephone, heretofore held to be an instrument for business men, and more particularly that social life which is characteristic of towns, has recently begun to be applied to break up the isolation of farm life. Circuits have been established connecting from ten to twenty farms and farm homes, and these in turn with adjacent villages, so that the isolation of those living from one to two miles apart is negatived Such circuits can be furnished with instruments at a cost of not more than twelve or fifteen dollars, and no annual expenses worth the mention. Once established, the farmer living five miles from the village can, in a moment, communicate with a physician, with the post-office, with the depot, with the grocer, but perhaps still better, while these farm-houses are thus brought into close association, is the opportunity afforded for pleasant daily intercourse. With good instruments music can be easily heard throughout the entire circuit as easily as common conversation.

It must not be overlooked that social changes never come alone. Governor Pingree, as we must now call him, does not limit his programme to planting potatoes and vegetables. He would do away as far as possible, in the first place, with conventions for local officers, and give the people themselves a direct vote in primary elections, for the nomination of candidates. He would apply the principles of interstate commerce law to commerce inside the state, to secure to farmers and shippers the advantages of the competition in places not having several lines of railroads. He would submit to popular vote every case of granting street railroads and other franchises, as a check upon aldermen and city officials. He is especially anxious to regulate all corporations of a public character to prevent their undue influence upon elections. So it comes about that social reforms go hand in hand.

"Thou shalt not kill," once spoken, is still to-day the supreme appeal of our humanity. If Sinai heard it and was set aflame; if the mighty hills of the Syrian desert broke under the weight of that mighty call, mankind has in the procession of its days learned to realize more and more the import of this command, and to-day civilization is hinging on the stricter observance of this eternal admonition. "Thou shalt not kill" portends for us the age when the sword shall be sheathed and the lance shall be turned into the pruning-hook.

"Thou shalt not steal," once found, has widened the range of its influences. It is to-day as sound as ever it was. Deepen its current:—"Thou shalt not steal, even when the law allows it. Thou shalt not steal, even when the common commercial code will condone the violation of the principle. Thou shalt not steal is violated if thou robbest from brother man a single attribute and a single opportunity of his humanity. Thou shalt not steal, even when honestly believing that there is provocation for 'stealing,' because property is the fruitage of robbery practiced on thee and thy mates in misery. Though conscience in its struggle for a higher message than that by which the mighty of earth live witness that things are not as they should be, still above the waters of contention will roar out the voice that fanned the crests of Sinai into flame and fervor, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"—*Emil G. Hirsch.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

May Memories.

TO I. A. O.

Why do we turn from tropic bloom,
When May with tender touch has rolled
The stone from Hope's long-guarded tomb,
Why trembling search the wooded mold?

Crying, "They live! the darling things!
The precious, old-time, downy buds!
They have no need of angel wings,
To bear us upward to the Good?"

Heaven came to earth; we felt the thrill,
And all the flowers awoke to pray.
The pale, green leaves, were meek and still,
And sunshine had its own sweet way.

O silence! beauty! not a bird
But hushed its song to hear the beat
Of Nature's pulse, that softly stirred
The hare-bells nodding at our feet.

The ferns bowed reverently. The dew
Blushed like first love, in utter bliss.
Ah! *that* was life divinely new,
The crown of earthly happiness.

Lo! tired soul!—the promised sign,
Returning loveliness!—delight!
The past with all it gave is thine,
When May has made the prairies bright.

These young "spring beauties" bring the grace,
Of those we loved so long, so well,
The fond enthrallment of a face—
Too dear for living lips to tell.

The late arrived from holy lands,
Clasp dove-eyed peace to throbbing breast.
Once more she comes, when folded hands
Welcome the messenger of rest.

HELEN HINSDALE RICH.

On the Outer Rim.—V.

Real Occultism.

"The highest aim of knowledge is the soul."—*Kathopanishad.*

The underlying forces of nature, being all occult, are generally regarded by modern scientists and philosophers as unknowable. Herbert Spencer, the greatest philosophical writer of the century, has deliberately classed them as such; and the cultured world has largely accepted his dictum. It is therefore manifestly absurd for any one to set forth an independent or contrary opinion. But perhaps a few reverent suggestions upon the subject may not be out of place—at any rate, not baneful.

Evolution, if a law—and quite a number of thinking people admit that it is—must be universal. Given first a cloud of ether, or an aggregation of etheric atoms in so-called space, and there sooner or later evolves a well-defined nebula. As this materializes, the molecules get joined closer together, and after a few billions of years there is a new astronomical object in the sky which bears a suspicious resemblance to a sun or a planet, or something of that sort. But by some chemical hocus-pocus, the earthy matter of the new globe produces out of itself, or evolves, vegetable life, which in the course of time develops animal life. It hardly seems probable that the ichthyosaurus walked over from some neighboring planet on a friendly rope. He must have been an outgrowth of some preceding indigenous form. But without going into further detail,—as we have already caught up with the point where Charles Darwin began,—it is only necessary to point out the inexorable logic of this reasoning. There is no escape, except by denying evolution itself.

But where shall we stop the revolution of this mighty wheel of the law? Is mankind perfect? Is there no room for improvement in the human race? Do we know everything? Herbert Spencer not only says that we do not know it all, but claims that there are many things which are unknowable. But evolution, if a law—universal law—cannot break off unfinished. Its logical end, so far as human beings are concerned, can only be in intellectual and spiritual perfection. And when that far-distant goal is reached, the unknown, as well as Spencer's unknowable, must become known.

But at the present stage or point of evolution, we have two distinct quantities, the known and the unknown. The known may be considered as contained within the boundaries of what we call science; the unknown may be classed as occultism. Men of scientific attainments and almost infinite patience are constantly studying and working to extend the limits of the known by encroaching upon the region of the occult or unknown. Every great invention is garnered from the occult realm. Every new discovery in the plane of thought is snatched or glimpsed out of the hidden land. Genius is the faculty of overstepping the line, and fetching back to us those grand conceptions and jewels of intellect which astonish and delight the soul, and lead us ever onward, unwilling though we be to acknowledge it, in the eternal evolutionary procession.

How sadly, then, has occultism been misunderstood! Is it a mere dalliance with multitudinous forms of divination, some partly real, and many the mere imaginings of unbalanced intellects? Such would, indeed, seem to be the general opinion. Because there are hosts of imposters, pretending to know all about the unknown, the world declares that every thing occult is an imposture. Truly, as Renan says, "the ability to discriminate closely does not exist among men," referring, of course, to men of the present day.

But in ancient times (miscalled) there was a better understanding of the real occultism. Its higher aspects were devoutly studied by the Osirian priests of Egypt, the magi of Chaldæa, the gymnsophists of India. They were the guardians of the cult and the occult, holy men who consecrated their lives to humanity, leading as far as lay in their power—under the wheel of the law—the masses of the people towards a higher plane of thought. Generally speaking, they did not express their ideas openly—for the ignorant would have torn them to pieces—and so, religion became esoteric and exoteric. The Egyptians of the early dynasties, worshipping the hawk, the cat, and the ibis, would have slain any initiate who proclaimed these gods as only emblematical of the powers of nature, just as in the later dark ages of Europe the alchemists were compelled to write in allegories, and to discourse about the transmutation of gold and the elixir of life in order to cover their real occupation, which was the study of the occult psychic realm.

The distinction between the microcosm and the macracosm did not originate in Greece, notwithstanding the philological suggestion. It is in the earliest Sanskrit and was a part of the Hermetic teachings of Egypt. The modern poet, Pope, repeated an ancient idea when he wrote "The proper study of mankind is man." The average man of to-day, in taking account of himself, can only see or comprehend two principles, body and mind. Though, in deference to church authorities, he tacitly admits a third principle, spirit, he really considers it as something theoretical or even chimerical,—at least something whose existence cannot be proven scientifically. As to soul, he cannot see anything to distinguish it from spirit, and constantly confounds the two. Yet the revelations of the last twenty years ought to prove to him conclusively the separate existence of soul. Mind is not all of soul, but only a phase or department of soul. Another, and fully as important a feature, is the psychic nature, or, as it is commonly termed, the psychic realm. It is out of this that have emanated all the strange and seemingly inexplicable phenomena of hypnotic trance, clairvoyance, thought-transference, mediumship, Christian science, and mental healing. As the human race is during these ages just beginning to evolve above the mind-plane into the (so-called) psychic, all these phenomena are little understood

and remain in the domain of the occult. And that is why the study of the microcosm is so necessary. Man should know himself, as all the sages of the past have cried out. These psychic powers which show themselves here and there fitfully and intermittently in individuals are least comprehended by the individuals themselves. They get now and then glimpses into the unknown, like faint flashes of light in a dark room, not strong enough nor long enough to be of any practical advantage, but just enough to authenticate the phenomena. Hence the persons affected suffer all sorts of delusions respecting these manifestations. Some, like the Roman Catholic saints, attribute their visions to divine favor, while mediums think that dead people are talking through them. In reality these experiences are mostly subjective.

Above everything, in the investigation of the occult, the first and most important law is that there is not, and has not ever been, any such thing as a supernatural manfestation. If evolution teaches us any lesson, it is that everything in nature is operated under natural law. Supernaturalism is the child of ignorance and superstition. The savage in the wilderness believes the thunder to be the voice of a god. In our new science at the close of an occult cycle, when the eyes of men are being opened to the errors of the past, and when the minds of women are reaching eagerly forward towards a loftier development, is proclaimed the reign of law, the inexorable law of cause and effect, the law of gradual and often almost imperceptible advance, sometimes seeming to pause altogether, and yet again, as at present, urging onward with extraordinary impetus.—the universal law of evolution.

GEORGE E. WRIGHT.

An Overlooked Service.

In a recent speech at the opening of a free library, Mrs. Humphry Ward emphasized a service rendered by such libraries which is very frequently overlooked. The good of the community is realized, not only when the community mind is fertilized by access to a free library, but when exceptional minds are let out of narrow and hard conditions, into the freedom and power which comes from culture. The community stands just as much in need of the full development of its highest intellect, as in the full development of its average intellect. A free library which has helped one boy of genius to find himself and his power, has amply justified the expenditure of all the time and money involved in its organization and support. Mrs. Ward recalled a miner whom she had known, who had worked eleven hours a day for eleven days in order to train himself to read a Greek play with ease and accuracy; and doubtless Mrs. Ward could have recalled many other working men and women who have shown the same passion for knowledge and the same power of acquiring it. Any one who knows working people knows with what pathetic avidity they often lay hold of such knowledge as comes in their way, and what strides they make by passionate persistence and self-denial. Professor Huxley more than once expressed his astonishment at the passion with which so many workingmen gave up their scanty leisure to scientific study. The exceptional mind in every community needs to be cared for quite as thoroughly as the average mind, and it ought not to be forgotten by those who have charge of free libraries, that every such library is a possible university for the training of the exceptional man and woman. —*The Outlook.*

The most natural years of our lives we live while we are children, and there are always rest and purification in getting back into touch with them. When the burdens press a little heavily, and the future is thick with uncertainties, the wish will sometimes shape itself that we might be back again among our free, fresh, childish days. We do not understand it very well, but there is something gone that we would dearly love to have back. Those may seem to have been rather unproductive afternoons that we used to spend up in the garret, listening in the pauses of our merrymaking to the rain pattering on the roof, and we so dry and sheltered underneath, but our life means more even to-day because of them and because of our memory of them.—*Rev. Chas. L. Parkhurst, Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Song of the Machine.

In the ancient times when neighbor
Slew his neighbor for his lord,
When the sullen slaves of labor
Toiled to glut their master's hoard,
In the midst of desolation, called by tyrants sweet accord,

Suddenly appeared a giant,
In full armor all arrayed,
On his lip a song defiant,
In his hand a battle blade,
And he blew a blast of terror, making all the land afraid.

I am come, it rang, unwilling
Though the slaves I serve may be.
I am come, the laws fulfilling,
And I bid you yield to me,—
I, the great Jehovah's envoy, I am come to set you free.

Slowly then the monster, stalking
With a deft and deathly tread,—
As the kestral swoops when hawking,—
Where their humble board was spread,
Fearless of a mortal's balking, laid his hand upon their bread.

Up each man springs, bold and eager
To resist with tumult rude:
Should a stranger take his meager
Portion of the toiler's food?
In the midst of desolation should a giant's strength intrude?

While the women wept, bewailing,
With their long dishevelled hair,
While their tender hearts were failing,
Pouring out unanswered prayer,
Grieving for the little children that their nature bade them bear.

Vain the struggle and defiance,
And the weeping women's gloom;
Not for naught God sends his giants
To uplift his people's doom,
Though the frenzied mob of Lyons havoc wrought with Jacquard's loom.

Though the rider drive his rowel
Into fierce Apollyon's flanks,
And the lustful loom of Lowell
Decimates our maiden's ranks,
For the power of the giants to Jehovah be our thanks.

When the fallacies that wrangle
Overcome themselves and die,
Truths shall rise like stars to spangle
All the blue-black arching sky,
And the "Thus" of Progress answers slowly all that question why?

So the giant's potent glances
To the nations point the ways,
And to-morrow's light advances
With the waning of to-day's
Till the world grows glad and gladder, for the might of yesterdays.

Till the toil of labor dwindles,
And the giant's work is done;
All the reapers and the spindles
By his mailed hand are run;
Till a child shall touch a button for the throttle of the sun.

WILLIAM J. ROE.

Sunshine.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A good story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. —*Exchange.*

The Word of the Spirit.

" Get thee up into the high mountain ; lift up thy voice with strength : be not afraid.

Garnishing the Tombs of the Righteous.

A Decoration Day Sermon.

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Given at All Souls Church, Chicago, May 30, 1897.

" Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and garnish the tombs of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we should not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye witness to yourselves, that ye are sons of them that slew the prophets."—St. Matthew xxiii. 29–31.

Decoration Day has been one of the holy days of this church. With each returning May we have welcomed it as one of the sacramental days in the living and growing church of universal religion. It is a day born out of the deep experiences in the lives of many now living. It is consciously rooted in the tenderest of memories. Decoration Day calls unbidden before the mind's eye the long lines of beardless boys and stalwart men, who, unschooled in war, went forth with light hearts and high hopes to do their duty. We see the lines start out full, unbroken, elastic, loyal. We hear the bands playing " The Girl I Left Behind Me," in such measure that the tears fall to quick marching movement, so that the lump in the throat somehow does not interfere with the cheers, and the tears do not darken the smiles. We see these lines receiving the benedictions of the noble as they pass from town to town, towards the terrible experiences of war. We see boyish hands receive from the sages and rulers of the land unstained silken banners, and their untarnished folds are given to the winds with huzzas. These lines disappear for a while, and when they again reappear in rifle-pits, and on parapets, the lines are decimated, the colors are now torn by bullets and stained with human blood, but they are kept afloat and kept moving onward. These lines move in serried colums upon Fort Henry. They are lost in the thickets of Shiloh. They rally in the woods of Corinth; distracted at Bull Run, but re-formed again to vindicate the song and the speech and justify the prayer and the trust that sent them away from their Northern homes. Chancellorsville, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Gibson, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Atlanta, at each of these places, and a hundred more, we see the lines travel-soiled, hungry, sick, but always facing the front. They are often lost in sulphur smoke, the cheers are deafened by the cannon's roar. But we know that the flag is still there. Smiles have often stiffened into the fixed serenity that changes not, for death has put his seal upon many a hero's brow. At last we see the lines circle around, closing in upon Richmond reaching at last the silent climax of that most chivalric of victories known in history, the victory of Appomattox, which brought relief to both sides, and which tempered the humiliations of defeat on the one hand, by the magnanimity that would not glory over a fallen foe on the other hand. Decoration Day suggests all this. With each return of May we see the government with tender hands gathering the bones from the unmarked graves from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, from the Ohio to the Gulf. It has created garden-places to conserve the ashes of the dead soldiers at Vicksburg, Nashville, Knoxville, Arlington, and Gettysburg, and seventy-four other places. The government maintains to-day beautiful parks, garlanded with flowers and shaded with trees, where rest upwards of three hundred thousand men, who, once wearing the blue, marched in the columns I have been speaking of. Nearly one half of these, or one hundred and fifty thousand graves, bear the marble tablet upon which is inscribed the epitaph that perhaps best becomes, certainly the one that most often befalls the hero, " Unknown." These seventy-nine places of beauty will to-morrow be visited by the stumping remnants of the old line, the tattered fragments of the old army; the living veterans will lay roses upon the tombs of their dead messmates, who shared with them first the common, blanket and the common coffee-cup, the common luxury of letters and of such transient literature as lighten a soldier's tent; later on shared with them the common privations of mud and storm without a blanket, of picket line and rifle-pit without cup or coffee or printed page. How tender and holy are the roots of this day! How sacred and beautiful have been its ministrations to the living; how we have rejoiced in its growing significance, which first laid aside the arbitrary distinction between soldier and civilian, who suffered and served, whether on the farm or in the home. Heroism is no thing of sex. The mother who said " Go " to the child of her heart, and then turned back to face three black years which perchance stretched out to be a shadowed lifetime, a life with the sun out of her sky, outreached in her courage the courage of the son who died on the parapet facing the foe. After that came the gracious exclamation born out of the tenderest and most sacred forces of religion that said: " There was valor, too, on the other side. Brave men died nobly and wrought divinely for the lost cause. The cause was wrong, but the men in it, so many of them were magnificently right, because they served their highest and their truest." So Decoration Day became thoughtful of the wearers of the gray as well as of the blue, and that which was first done timidly by a few friends at Columbus, Miss., if the record be right, on Decoration Day, 1867, has long since become a sacramental custom, observed far and near.

Decoration Day once bid fair to become one of the most holy of the holy days in the annals of the American church. How normal are its sanctities; how natural and inevitable it would seem to become a day of ever-growing sanctity. How in-reaching, commanding, and immediate are its symbolisms. Here is no far-fetched miracle to be attested to by dead saints, no imported sanctities from remote holy lands, or from repudiated holy ages of long ago, but here are the flowers of the field painted fresh each May by the very forces that made the life-blood tingle in the veins of the boys and the men who heard from afar the bugle-note that called to a struggle which began and ended in the word " Liberty." Whatever incidental, intermediate, superficial elements entered into the conflict, the fundamental and ultimate problem was simply the problem of human liberty. It was slavery taking its last stand, behind, indeed, specious masks, which those who defended it little understood. But civilization would brook no further delay; religion would not further compromise; ethics could not be confused any longer, and so the mighty struggle came, the inevitable conflict was on. Then the sleepless nights and vigilant days that reached from the lone wife on the solitary prairies of Minnesota, to the great mother-heart of that man of sorrows in the White House, who carried the nation's woes and humanity's problems in his bosom. The baptism of pain was upon us, and the purification by fire, the regeneration through blood, was realized.

Is it possible that a day springing out of such living experiences, appealing so directly to all the forces in the human soul that are allied to poetry, heroism, and progress, should, within the short span of one lifetime, show signs of degeneracy? Is it possible that within the memory of those who can say, " These eyes have seen, these ears heard, these hands felt, that of which you speak," the day should be desecrated by flippancy, dissipation, and greed? Alas! The daily paper, making Decoration Day announcements, gave three columns of details concerning the bicycle races and half a column to the memorial exercises in the public schools. But the desecration by these young men and women who fly to their wheels with an impetuosity as thoughtless as the impetuosity of their fathers and elder brothers was thoughtful when they sprang to rifle and cannon at the bugle's call, that led the excursions up Missionary Ridge, into the thickets of the Wilderness, the cane jungles of Vicksburg, and the swamps of the James, is pardonable compared to the cold-blooded greed of Chicago's merchants, who cannot bear to see State Street depopulated on Monday; to whom the aching hearts of widows and mothers and the high ideality of the boys and girls, the future citizens of the United States, are as nothing compared to the thought that the Chicago woman is to be deprived of her bargain-

day, and that her shopping, which on the one hand becomes almost an exact science and on the other rises into a social function, was to be omitted. I am a friend of the bicycle, and of course believe in the legitimacy of traffic. I daily give thanks for the wheel and the trolley, that so splendidly augment the potency of the individual. This is not the place to discuss the methods or the motives of the dry-goods trade. Certainly, it is a solid factor in civilization, and an indispensable element in modern society. But I do protest against introducing a "Merry Andrew" among the graves of heroes, and I have little in common with that commercialism that cannot respect one day in the year, dedicated to memorial tenderness and the nurture of high sentiments. We have heard of dancing on mothers' graves, joking at a funeral, and history is full of sad illustrations of the desecration of altars and the prostitution of the sanctities of life to the caprice of soldiers and the greed of civilians. Has it come to pass that all these are to be verified and realized by the practices of Decoration Day? Have reverence and awe, historic appreciation and poetic sensibility sunk so low in the life of the children of these brave men? is there so little left in their souls of these high forces that they can do naught but rush with mad impetuosity to the "meet" and kick off their exuberance in "century runs"? Have the names of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, the fame of Grant and Sherman, the chivalric valor of Ellsworth and McPherson, the willing death of three hundred thousand private soldiers in hospital, in swamps, in rifle-pit, and on the flinty faces of rugged mountains, no charm to silence and shame in the youths of Chicago the passion for a race, the hunger for a prize, the delights of muscle and the pride of athleticism? Is the commercialism of our day an organism so low that it has a heart with but one opening, and its blood cold like that of a fish, so that it cannot stop one day in the year in its task of marking down goods in such a way that the buyer delights in having purchased something for less than cost and the seller grows rich in the transaction?

I have urged, as some of you will remember in, preceding years, and now believe, that it would be well to so arrange it that Decoration Day should always come on Sunday, that its sanctities, its tenderness, its uplift and its refining influences upon the human heart might be carried into all the churches of our land, and on that day at least lift religion into the maximum potency which is possible only when it sways a whole people with a common emotion and a common ideality. But in the light of recent development I cannot much hope that even this would save its sanctities, for Sunday is already more a wheel day than a church day to a growing multitude of good people, and the blessed calm of the one day in seven that threw its hallowing benedictions over the lives of the elder generations is already far on its way to become the jolly day of boisterous meets, spectacular processions of "sprinting" and of "spurting." Sunday to me is and should be a *sunny* day indeed, inviting souls to the fields, when such are available, wooing the house-bound and the weary to the great calm of out-of-doors, the solemn ritual of nature, the arches of more than Gothic sublimity, formed from waving elms and towering oaks. And Decoration Day is no day for sackcloth or for ashes. I would not carry the tombs into life, but I would carry life to the tombs, buoyant, joyous, elastic life. Let the soul of John Brown "go marching on," and the "tramp, tramp," be heard of the boys who are still marching to carry succor to the imprisoned, freedom to the enslaved.

Some of you may be surprised and marvel at so doleful a conclusion drawn from so small and transient a premise as the temporary craze of a few thousand young people over a new toy or the characteristic prudence, caution, greed, call it what you will, of a few retail merchants. If it were only this, my complaint would be absurd and my wail unmeaning and unbecoming; but this "garnishing of the tombs of the righteous," while disloyal to their inspirations and unworthy of their traditions, is far-reaching and deeply imbedded. O, the humiliations of the year! O, the complacency with which the would-be Christian world has accepted Armenian horrors, Cuban atrocities, Cretan tortures, and the thwarted aspirations of the Greeks! It is not for me to discuss causes or remedies; the first are complicated and hard to find, the second still more perplexing and difficult. But these facts unquestionably remain: women and children have been butchered by the thousands in far-off Armenia; patriots in Cuba have been maltreated, natives of the island and owners of the soil have been misgoverned, under the iron heel of misrule they have dared to reach after liberty; Crete has carried a burden of injustice; the old fires, never wholly quenched in the islands of Greece, have flamed anew, and no Samuel G. Howe, no Lord Byron, no indignant Europe, no valorous America, in any one of these cases, have cried, "In the name of justice, hold!" "In the name of humanity, stay!" "In the name of the downtrodden, we demand deliberation, consideration, and justice." All this while tremendous shades representing crowns and cannon, swords and measureless wealth, have been posing under the name of "The Powers" before the civilized world.

"The Powers"—who are they? Why are they? What are they for? Do they exist to defend the weak? Are they armed to promote justice? Are their mighty armies kept in perpetual training ready to be mobilized at a moment's call, equipped and marshaled to champion the right in any struggle? What are they building their matchless ships of war for? Not for any of these causes, but confessedly that the great chess game of European politics may go on by strategy and subtle concealment if it can, by the mighty power of war if it must. "The Powers"—who are they? England with her mighty navy; Germany with her great battalions; France with her alertness; Russia with her ponderous interests, measureless resources, and unfathomable motives; poor Italy taxing herself to bankruptcy, impoverishing her rich fields, cheapening her new-bought liberty by this unholy ambition to be "a Power." What are they when they are "Powers"? Organized selfishness, systematized greed, justified indifference to all claims of right. What though children are hacked and women outraged, what though villages are pillaged and cities burned, so long as one neighbor gets no advantage over the other, and trade is not interfered with? If the newspapers are right, Greece had a navy from which much was expected; with her ships she might have supplemented her inadequate army and her claim for right and freedom be better enforced; but no Grecian ship was permitted to threaten a Mediterranean harbor. Her cannon must not be loaded and no voice must be heard from her men-of-war, because English trade might suffer and the English supremacy of the Mediterranean waters be suspected. "The Powers" that have controlled not only the political and military and financial, but the humanitarian, religious, and ethical destinies of Europe this last year, have been embodied selfishness, cold-blooded commercialism, awful war possibilities held in leash only by the prudences, ready to cut that leash and bid the dogs of war go forth when self-interest, the conquest of territory, and the extension of boundaries seemed to justify. The war of passion, personal vengeance, the reckless quarrels of kings and of nobles, passed long ago. Then came a time when war for liberty, battle for the right, human nature struggling to throw off its bonds, was justifiable, and when such war arose, prophets' blood tingled in their veins, poets sang, and methinks the angels even must have rejoiced, for what is human blood compared to right and freedom? What are a thousand or a million lives when justice and progress are at stake? That age has apparently passed. The wail of the Armenian, the cry of the Cuban, the prayer of the Greek, the humiliations under Africa's torrid sun, move but few; the nations stand stolidly recruiting their armies, increasing their armaments, all in the interest of that commercialism that is brutal if need be, for that greed that is devilish, and often thwarts the progress of the world. The reign of the tyrant king is gone. The power of the commanding priest is past. The military conqueror is no more; Napoleon was the last of the fell line, and we will never see another, in Europe or America at least, but there has come the new despot, the reign of the banker, the dominion of the money-getter, the tyranny of gold which throttles the soul in its aspirations, empties the human heart of its tenderness, and dares not listen to the tearful voice of its own mother if it is going to cost money, or call for investments that are not profitable.

But you may think I have gone far afield on this Decora-

tion Day. Why disturb this American festival with the infelicities of Europe? Alas! this May day comes on the crest of humiliations in our own nation. The Arbitration Treaty, the noblest state document formulated since the Emancipation Proclamation, has been defeated and disgraced in the United States Senate. In Illinois, the humiliations of law have been great; the greed of office, and the high-handed way in which money has undertaken to control legislation, degrade the press, invade the editorial columns of country papers with bought opinions; the Humphrey Bills, to be followed so soon after by the same clamor, modified for strategic reasons, but with the same high-handed defiance to sociological science and the trend of economic knowledge. It is well known everywhere that the trend of economic thought is toward municipal ownership, if not municipal control, of the great monopolistic rights of travel, light, water, etc. The primal indignity offered a growing rational people by these corporation schemes lies, not in the fact that they want to drive a good bargain, but in the fact that they want to anticipate science, mortgage growth, conserve to their own benefit invention and discovery for fifty years more, no matter what improvements may come in the way of new combinations of power and mechanical contrivances. If the advance is so great in the next fifty years as in the last, two and a half cents fare will be a larger fare, and will yield more profit in the fifty years to come than five cents in the fifty years gone. There is high-handed treason and the seeds of anarchy lying latent in that capital that presumes that a strategic advantage once gained, a financial opportunity once secured, either through the ignorance or through the cupidity of a people, has in itself a claim upon the future and a right to become perpetual. The pathetic appeal made by millionaires that "capital needs protection" is spurious and misleading. Capital needs no protection other than that which is found in justice. Capital is but the accumulation of human industry, oftentimes the point of accumulation being the results of skillful manipulation, rather than a profound contribution of brain, or heart, or conscience. Neither does any labor need protection other than that which belongs to it in equity In our city our humiliations are great in the ever-recurring attacks upon the purity of our civil service, and the dignity of our legislative department. All this goes but to show that the desecrations of Decoration Day, alluded to are not superficial, accidental, and transient, but that they are symptomatic of the deep disease of our time; they evidence the unconscious degeneracy from the high inspirations of the struggle for liberty in 1861–1865, and it becomes us to ask in humility, and with anxiety, how shall we regain the lost estate and win our right to lay our flowers to-morrow upon the graves of our fallen comrades? Shall we mock them by placing roses on their tombs while we have gone to sleep at our posts, become deaf to the call of duty, and dull to the dangers of our country?

As for myself, I have no heart to carry flowers to their graves, but upon their ashes I ask you, with me, to rededicate ourselves to what may seem a losing cause, and try to re-establish further along the line of battle, where the old colors will fly in their wonted dignity, and where the "Battle Cry of Freedom" will again be an inspiring one. We will not garnish their tombs, but we will try to emulate their example and to keep untarnished the bequest they gave us. Where shall we begin? In our hearts, purge ourselves of that greed of externals which is the first lesson of the soldier; become independent, if need be, of the superficialities of life, that in an emergency we may move in light marching order on the lines of duty. How will we begin? By enlisting in a living army, by rallying around present causes, by being in 1897 where some of us were thirty-five years ago, on the picket-line of an advance cause, ready to be shot at, if need be, in the interest of the unfortunate, the uninfluential, the unprofitable. How can we win our young men and young women from the excitement of the road, that with bated breaths they may listen to the story of their fathers' and brothers' courage, and their mothers' endurance? We must bring the war line down to date; we ourselves, their elders and their leaders, must still live for unpopular causes, invest in that which does not pay, give money, strength, time, life itself, for that which makes us poor and others rich. Let us not blame our boys and girls. Let us reinspire their elders, master our circumstances, make virtue of our hard fate, and read the gospel of life out of these beneficent hard times, which have come through our bargaining, which do but record our iniquities, and rise up against our depravities and degradations. It is not now, and never has been, incumbent upon any of us to be rich. There is nothing in the nature of things that requires you to increase your capital this year, or even hold it at its maximum, but there is a stern demand of the universe that you live nobly all the time, that genuineness alone commands your respect, and that you have clearness of vision that will see through the shams and the frauds, the meannesses and the crimes, perpetrated in and against society by those of high as well as by those of low estate. Let us make our churches more honest, and then we will not have so much trouble to graft thereon such living sacraments as that represented by Decoration Day. You cannot graft a live bud on a dying limb. That is one reason why this great bud of promise, the service of heroism, the memorial of virtue, seems to droop and wither in our churches, and in our communities. Let us make our homes shrines of liberty, rear there the altar of honesty, and make the atmosphere electric with earnestness, and our children will leave their wheels and their meals to listen to tales of valor, and to con the names of the valiant and the true. Agassiz had no time to make money. John Brown had no time to accumulate wealth. Gen. Sherman had no time to teach school; he let his promising academy vanish into thin air. John Andrew, Richard Yates, Alexander Randall, and the other great war governors, had no time for party politics. They cared not who held the offices, or who went to Congress It was their business to equip armies, to find men into whose hands they could intrust their country's flag. "Sentiment!" you say? "Mere sentiment!" Even the women, these days, plead practicality, and urge that this is a practical age. Yes, it was sentiment to die for a piece of bunting. Yes, it was absurdly impractical to see bearded men, fathers, professors, preachers, grow wild over a tame eagle which they called "Old Abe." How very absurd that that bird, when first seen after the powder smoke cleared away over the fields of Corinth, should cause strong men to weep like children, rough men to embrace and hug one another like school-girls. O, it was a great waste of sense, a great sacrifice of prudence, a very impractical thing, that set hungry men wild with enthusiasm when gallant "Jamie McPherson," the Scotch youth from Ohio, rode down the line. It was very sentimental in the men, hollow and faint for want of rations, when they saw the stolid face of Grant ride to the front, or felt the nervous presence of Sherman, to draw their belts one hole tighter, say nothing, and march on. It was a very unpractical thing we did at Vicksburg, to lie in those rifle-pits forty-seven days to be shot at, in order to gain possession, at the end of it all, of fifty thousand starved men, with a few thousand acres surrounded by damaged fortifications. But this sentimentality is the stuff out of which history is made. This foolishness is the only thing that time cares to conserve. These impracticalities of earth represent the practicalities of heaven. Go to with your bank accounts, and your accumulations when they chill the human heart. Who cares for your stocks and your silks, your deposits and your mansions, when the fire is out of the eye, and the joy is out of the soul, and when death is dodged as by a coward, instead of welcomed as a bridegroom welcomes his bride. "O," you say, "that is all very well, but we must live; we must provide for our own. The man who does not take care of his own family is worse than an infidel." Three hundred thousand garlands will give the lie to your cheap philosophy, and to your selfish ethics to-morrow. The garlanded graves from the Atlantic to the Pacific sing, in ghostly chorus, a man must not live. It is not incumbent upon him to stay. Rather it is a man's duty to die for the truth, and to be ashamed to stay on any other terms than that he is needed to advance the colors. He robs his children, neglects his family, does not provide for his own, who blunts his conscience that they may wear silks, who deserts the

picket-post, and refuses the dangers of the vidette, that their percentum may be secured. This, and nothing else, is the gospel of Decoration Day, and to fail to realize this is the humiliation of our Decoration Day. It is not the fault of our boys and girls; it is not the passing whim of Chicago merchants; it is the misplaced emphasis of this last quarter of the nineteenth century. It is the diminishing accent, the vanishing inspiration of this last decade that ought to be swelling into a great hallelujah chorus of human brotherhood, and an enthusiasm for the downmost and the hindmost. The complacency of all the powers of civilization in the presence of atrocities, the dullness of the United States to this high prayer of Grant, "Let us have peace," embodied however bunglingly in the Arbitration Treaty; the puerile cry of our millionaires, "We need protection for capital," is a part of the far-reaching disease. This is the next enemy of progress, after priestcraft, despotism, and military absolutism, have been overthrown. Now the danger-point on the line of human progress is right here.

"The plague of gold strikes far and near,
And deep and strong it enters.
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's;
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange,
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God!

"The curse of gold upon the land
The lack of bread enforces.
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's white horses!
The rich preach 'rights' and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing—
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, O God!"

Thus did the prophetic heart of Mrs. Browning forsee our danger and lend her genius to phrase for us the humiliations of 1897.

But man, who has fought his way so far along, is equal to this last, and on that account grimmest, enemy of human freedom and human rights. We are going to weave a song out of this Decoration Day, and in it will be a charm which will woo the boys and girls from their flippancy, occupy women with high concerns, and shame the merchants from their greed. There is a festival of heroism coming which will depopulate State Street on Monday if need be, and trade will survive and business will endure, all the same.

The call is still, as in the years gone by, for enlisted soldiers banner-bearers, happy soldiers who go to their death singing, who reduce the baggage of life to the exigences of the hour, whatever they may be. The blanket, which was the luxury of last week, to-day is thrown away as an encumbrance, for the enemy is in front.

Let us render to the faithful dead the highest tribute we can pay, not by garlanding their tombs with flowers, but by emulating their heroism and loyalty—dedicating ourselves anew to the cause for which they died.

Browning's Prophecy.

When shall the art of Florence wake? Ah, when?
And who the poet's prophecy shall see
Burst from its prison in the souls of men?
When Italy the beautiful is free?
When all her people shout with triumph: then
The diadem that dapples Arnos' wave with fire,
And glints on gray, green olive leaves again,
Shall catch the gleam from Giotto's crowning spire.

And every master's dreaming shall be real,
Where Semla's visions float with seraph's song:
The people shall the Renaissance restore,
And Genius give to Beauty its ideal,
Where Savonarola thundered at the wrong,
When Freedom dawns on Italy once more.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

MON.—Love has the human form divine,
And Peace the human dress.

TUES.—Cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

WED.—Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine.

THURS.—A tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king.

FRI.—Let those who burn with vigorous youth,
Pluck fruits before the light.

SAT.—God doth in human form display
To those who dwell in realms of day.

William Blake.

When Mother Sits Down by the Fire.

O, the five-o'clock chime brings the cosiest time
That is found in the whole of the day,
When Larry and Gus, and the others of us,
Come in from our study or play;
When we push the big chair to the hearth over there,
And pile the wood higher and higher,
And we make her a space in the very best place—
And mother sits down by the fire.

There 's a great deal to say at the close of the day,
And so much to talk over with mother;
There 's a comical right or a horrible plight,
Or a ball game, or something or other.

And she 'll laugh with Larry and sigh with Harry,
And smile to our hearts' desire
At a triumph won or a task well done—
When sitting down there by the fire.

Then little she 'll care for the clothes that we tear,
Or the havoc we make on her larder;
For the toil and the strife of our everyday life
She will love us a little bit harder.

Then our lady is she, and her knights we would be,
And her trust doughty deeds will inspire;
For we long then anew to be generous and true—
When mother sits down by the fire.

—*Martha Burr Banks, in Independent.*

Where the Sponges Grow.

The sponge is one of the curious things found in the ocean. As we buy it at the stores it seems soft and velvety to the touch when wet, and one would hardly suppose it was only the skeleton of a little marine animal.

Little sponges are born from eggs, though a particle cut from the main body will float away and live by itself; fasten to some hard substance and build up a frame, so that in three or four years it will be worth the attention of the sponge-diver. But the diver puts an end to all this quiet life under water, for he plunges down from his boat and plucks the sponge from its fastening.

The sponges were once thought to be marine plants, but now they are classed in the animal kingdom.

Here and there, attached to some rock or bit of shell, there are sponges of all sizes and shapes. Some are branched like odd trees, and others are coarse and brown. Down in the water it seems in substance much like a jellyfish, but on close examination it is found to be a living creature, growing inside the sponge skeleton which we know about.

There are growing out from it curious little barbs which protect it from the hungry creatures that abound in the ocean.

The sponge gets its food and drink from the salt water in which it lives. Nature has given it the wonderful power of taking from the water the food upon which it grows and thrives.

There are three ways in which the sponges are gathered. In shoal water they are gathered with hooks attached to long poles. In some cases the natives dive down to the bottom and with a knife cut the sponges from their fastenings. The coarser kinds are obtained by dredging. When sponges are first taken from the water, they have the general appearance of beef's liver, but the color is darker. They are exposed to the air for a limited time, either in the boats or on shore, and then thrown in heaps into the water again, in pens or tanks built for the purpose. Decay takes place in a short time, and they are soon fished up again, and the animal matter squeezed and washed out, leaving the cleaned skeleton ready for market.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

Tommy's "Widdle."

When three-year-old Tommy was at his grandma's one day, she said to him this riddle, as he sat on her lap: "Two legs sat on three legs, holding one leg in his lap. In came four legs, stole one leg, and ran off with it. Up jumped two legs, picked up three legs, threw it after four legs, and made him bring one leg back again."

Of course Tommy was too young to guess riddles, so she told him the answer: "A man sat on a three-legged stool, holding a leg of mutton in his lap. A dog came in, stole the leg of mutton, and ran off with it. The man jumped up, threw the three-legged stool after the dog, and made him bring back the leg of mutton."

"Mamma," said Tommy, after he went home, "I 'm going to tell you a widdle that grandma told me, and you must guess it."

"I will if I can," said his mother.

"Well," said Tommy, winking very hard as he tried to remember, "once a free-legged man sat on a free-legged stool, holding a free-legged button in his lap, and a free-legged dog came in and stole the button and ran off wiv it; and the free-legged man jumped up and frew the free-legged stool at the dog, and made him bring the free-legged button back again. Can you guess it?" he cried triumphantly.

"No," said his mamma, laughing. "I don't think that I can."—*Mayflower.*

A Pretty Custom.

There is a pretty custom in the imperial family of Germany which dates from time immemorial. On the birthday of one of the royal children the Empress goes through the stock of toys which has been accumulating since the child's last birthday, and sends all, except a few special favorites, to the sick children in hospitals.

The present Kaiserin, who is the most motherly of women, has paid special attention to this custom, and on the occasion of little Princess Victoria Louise's last birthday, her Majesty packed with her own hands a large case of dollies, picture-books, and little dishes—all in a state of fair preservation, and had them sent off to the little sufferers.

The sick children are always told who sends the presents, and in past years this has resulted in the saving of some curious and interesting relics. In this way the battered tin soldiers which amused the childhood of old Kaiser William have been saved from the wreck of time.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

A distinguished professor of chemistry placed a linen handkerchief in the explosive condition of gun-cotton and threw it into the wash. Bridget washed, dried, and sprinkled it, ready for ironing, without a suspicion of its character. The moment she placed the hot iron upon it, the handkerchief vanished into thin air, nearly frightening the poor girl out of her senses.

Thou see'st no beauty, save thou make it first;
Man, Woman, Nature, each is but a glass
Where the soul sees the image of herself,
Visible echoes, offsprings of herself. —*Lowell.*

The Study Table.

The Story of Extinct Civilizations.

In Appleton's Library of Useful Stories we have one volume just out, of extraordinary value,—"The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East." It is a remarkably handy little volume for scholars' use. It is a matter of special moment just now to determine what we call the origin of civilizations. We want to get back into that period before Greece became a nation, and find the real relation of the races that are known to us as Pelasgic, Egyptian, Assyrian, etc. We need equally, if possible, to determine the causes that divided the original human stock into white and black and intermediate races. This book is not intended as original investigation, but as a summary of what has so far been found out or is suggested by men of science. The rest of the series is of the same general character. It constitutes a very valuable home library, at a nominal cost. Each volume is sold for forty cents.

E. P. P.

The Forum for May is a number filled with living questions, almost all of which deserve to be read. The Progressive Inheritance Tax is discussed in this number by the comptroller of the state of New York, James A. Roberts, and he favors what seems to many people to be a system of confiscation of property—nothing more nor less. It is at least a system that gives the government power over individualism; that robs the individual of what, throughout the last two centuries of English history, have been conceded to be his most important right. Charles R. Miller, editor of the New York *Times*, answers Senator Hoar; and believes that the United States Senate is a degenerate body, unworthy the confidence of the people. The truth probably is that the representative system, as at present constituted, is more or less of a failure,—that Congress is no longer the only representative body of the American people; that the labor organizations, as well as the trade organizations, now really stand for many of the interests which were originally solely concentrated in Congress. It is further to be clearly noted that the assumption on the part of Congress of power to meddle with matters of finance, of commerce, of trade, of capital and labor, as purely political questions, will not be much longer tolerated. We wish that all American producers could or would read the article on Our Export Trade, by Charles R. Flint. We certainly have come to a point where necessity will compel us to give up the Chinese policy of holding our home market strictly for ourselves at the expense of securing the markets of the world. Another article that cannot be too carefully considered is entitled The Autocrat of Congress, showing that the House of Representatives is as absolutely ruled by the speaker as Russia is by the Czar. Even more so. There is probably not now existing any body of deliberative freemen so wholly deprived of their rights of speech and free discussion as the American Congress. We must understand that there is in such things the elements of revolution, if we do not make rapid work of evolution. Other articles are of intense value in this May *Forum.*

E. P. P.

Rise and Growth of the English Nation.*

Here we have probably the very best popular history of the English people yet published. It is philosophic and natural in treatment and in method. A general synopsis of the work will give a good idea of what Professor Aubrey has undertaken to do. There are fifteen sections, under the heads Inception, Struggles, Formation, Development, Retrogression, Renaissance, Nationalization, Progress, Pause and Reaction, Idealism, Revolution, Constitutionalism, Repression, Revival, Actual and Potential England. The richness of Anglo-Saxon thought and life, the marvelous evolution of the English people, cannot be appreciated by those who confine their reading to such authors as Hume and Macaulay. Harriet Martineau foreshadowed something better. Now we have Green and

* "Rise and Growth of the English Nation." by W. H. S. Aubrey, LL.D. Published by D. Appleton and Co.

Aubrey. By a close comparison of the two, I should say that while Green is a Macaulay chastened by a more thorough appreciation of the needs of the people, Aubrey is the English MacMaster, so far as ability to garner historic facts interestingly is concerned. But fortunately the comparison need go no further. Aubrey is not a mere gossip in the use of history, nor is he reckless in his conclusions; all of which MacMaster is. E. P. P.

In The Tide-Way.*

This story is no great three-decker. It is hardly to be called a novel, but it fails of being one only through its brevity. It has all the elements of a great novel, and might easily have been expanded into one. Coming so soon after Mrs. Steel's "On the Face of the Waters," there is danger of its being swamped, so far as reputation goes, in the wake of that high-towering galleon, but we think that it is built to keep afloat and weather storms. One thing is sure — burning our ships behind us, so to speak — the thing is mightily well done: there are great felicities of style and characterization both of persons and things. The central figure, Lady Maud, is a fascinating creature, too intrinsically good for her hard fate. Having called her the central figure we wonder if we should not have reserved that designation for Rick — Eric Halmar — as nice a boy as ever lived in real life or story. The scene is in the Hebrides. The situation is that of a young married couple gathering a shooting-party about them and a few ladies to make things pleasant for the men. But one of the men and Lady Maud have been in love with each other before marrying apart, caught in the social "tide-way" of pecuniary need. Thrown much together in the new situation, the lady's husband proving a dipsomaniac and the man's wife tarrying long upon her way to him, the old affinity declares itself with sudden and appalling force. The end is tragical, where it might have been happy without violating any canon of reality. Consequently we are made very miserable when we need not have been. But the book is very noble at the heart. Lady Maud finds her salvation morally, albeit at the same time her death, in the response of her better nature to the confidence reposed in her by the boy who worships her "without fear and without reproach." Mrs. Steel is nothing if not mystical, and her mysticism expresses itself in a doctrine of fatality. Again we have "the potter's thumb." Fate is the tide-way of her story in which helpless lives are caught. But fate gets a great deal of assistance from the stupid or deliberate folly of those most deeply involved in the progress of the story. It is true that various circumstances conspired to an untoward end. It is also true that if Eustace had not been wholly devoid of honor there would have been no real danger. The real "tide-way" was his thoughtless selfishness rushing to the goal of its desire. As a whole the book speaks to us much more eloquently for the determinism of self-control than for that of outward circumstances. J. W. C.

Scarlet or White.*

This is the title of a modest and attractive volume by Willis Mills, M.D. There is a demand for the novel, in which are discussed the sex relations, clearly, forcibly, delicately, and frankly. The author asserts that the errant woman must be placed absolutely on the same plane with the errant man. He also affirms that men and women with high ideals should not hesitate to discuss with one another every phase of the question of sex. There are intense emotional passages in the story, notably the flight of the "sperial," and Laura Mowbray's last visit to her father. Keen analysis of character is shown throughout the book. The style is highly artistic. The diction is accurate, and the phraseology and euphony of the sentences admirable. We are confident that we are safely within bounds in saying that there is no book issued in story form before the American people to-day, in which is a more temperate and dispassionate discussion of the purity question. 12mo, $1.00. New York Authors' Publishing Association.

* In the Tide-Way. By Flora Annie Steel, author of "On the Face of the Waters," etc., etc. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1897. 16mo Cloth. $1.25.

Notes and Comments.

The *Publishers' Weekly* for May 29th is a summer-reading number. It contains an attractive list, consisting largely of new novels. Is not this a reflection upon the summer, or else a reflection upon the reader? You cannot vacate the mind. You can rest it by change and by relieving it of pressure. What better time to take the one great novel or the one poet not yet reached, or some great thought-book, a book for the century, and not for the season.

* * *

The April number of the Ethical Addresses by Mr. Sheldon is entitled "What to Believe, an Ethical Creed." It is a collection of high epigrams and ethical axioms. The first few pages original; others taken from Confucius, Mencius, Brahma, Buddhism, Judaism, and Christianity. It is a collection to keep, a tool for mothers and teachers.

* * *

The Anti-Infidel Library, a quarterly publication by the Scriptural Tract Repository, is explained by the title. No. 48 contains Rufus B. Stebbins's "Study of the Pentateuch." Dr. Stebbins was a valiant Unitarian of the old school, now of blessed memory. In his old age he fought the higher criticism concerning the Bible, and threw the weight of his piety and his learning against the conclusions of Kuenan, Professor Toy, and others. The words of this whilom leader of heresy are now published as effective controversial material by the ultra-orthodox.

* * *

The *Outlook* for May 29th contains "A Day at the Tennessee Centennial," by Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago and of The New Unity staff.

* * *

Ramabai, the wise little Hindu woman who has had sense enough to see that the Western world has something which the Hindu pundits lack, and that this something is procurable without necessarily changing religions, is expected soon to visit America again.

* * *

The May number of the *American Journal of Sociology*, one of the publications of the University of Chicago Press, is full of matter that provokes action, which is the next thing to do. We have been provoking thought a good while. It contains an article on "Insurance against Non-employment," the seventh article of Professor Ross on "Social Control," and Dr. Small's "Demand of Sociology on Pedagogy."

* * *

The practical trend of our university work is a matter of daily observation. The University of Illinois has recently published a chemical survey of the water-supplies of Illinois, by A. W. Palmer, Professor of Chemistry, which, in connection with the vast amount of general information, contains an analysis of the potable waters of some one hundred and forty different towns in the state.

* * *

McClure's Magazine for June contributes some facts that will greatly help the imaginative eye of the many who in these latter days have been seeing flying-machines, by publishing an article by Professor Langley on this perhaps next great marvel that is to come. It also gives a bewildering lot of pictures of her Majesty Queen Victoria, from her babyhood up.

* * *

W. G. Shearer, in the June *Atlantic*, has ventured to write an article on the folly of examinations which bring "senseless worry to the nervous, who often fail to pass, while the less worthy succeed."

* * *

Col. T. W. Higginson's "Reminiscences" will make a book that many will look eagerly for.

* * *

The political diary of the late John Bright is now being edited by his eldest son. It is expected that it will be published.

* * *

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, whose verses have attracted so much attention, is said to be writing a novel.

A 20-page Weekly.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

ST. LOUIS.—The *Criterion* for May 29th contains two pages of appreciative comment upon the career of the Ethical Society in St. Louis. It shows how its ten years of life have overcome distrust, created agencies of helpfulness, and, better than all, quickened thought. It has become emphatically a disseminator of ideals and ideas in the city of St. Louis. Those who know Mr. Sheldon can well understand that it could not be otherwise.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.—*The Liberal Faith* is the title of a little parish sheet put forth by Rev. George Walters, minister of the Hyde Park Church in this far-off place. It has for its motto, "Reverence, Freedom, Progress." Its message is very like the message of THE NEW UNITY, and its work is the work in which our readers delight. In answer to a criticism frequently made against our own work, Mr. Walters replies as we do, that "if to contend for liberty of thought, speech, and action, and a unity on that basis, is sectarian, then every lover of humanity must be sectarian."

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—A little handful of progressive Jews have started synagogue work in this city, and have called Mr. Hausmann, a young man who has received his rabbinical training in Europe, to lead them. He begins his work on the 6th of June. We congratulate these Jewish friends over their securing for themselves a religious man that is congenial, but the information that they are "a little handful," that their "work will be necessarily limited," and their "income small," reminds us of similar pathetic adjectives used by the few Unitarians in the place, and also by the inadequate number of Universalists of the place.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, recent editor of the *Philosophical Journal* in Chicago, well known to THE NEW UNITY readers in many co-operative ways, is in the lecture field, speaking on evolution applied to religion, the work and influence of Herbert Spencer, the positive side of modern liberal thought, the new science and the old faith, and kindred topics. Mr. Underwood has been before the American public for over a quarter of a century. He always speaks thoughtful words to thoughtful people.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST ASSOCIATION.—This significant name of one of the latest evangelistic movements in Philadelphia shows that the old evangelistic spirit that sought to save souls by conversion is feeling the leading of the new thought which insists on new methods. This association uses physical helps in its attempts at piritual regeneration. Training-schools for children, dispensaries for the sick, infirmaries for the aged, a wheel chapel for open-air gospel work, all indicate the vitalizing suggestiveness of science and sociology.

SUMMER WORKS.—Those who think of the summer as a season of idling will be startled by the following exhibit, prepared under the auspices of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, of which W. R. Harper of the Chicago University is president, for summer Bible study.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature has for years conducted summer Bible schools. These are not religious conventions, but are actual schools for the teaching of the Bible, both in the original tongues and in the English. The work is in most cases associated with some Chautauqua or other assembly. A moderate estimate places the number of students who received instruction in these schools in the summer of 1896 at five thousand. It is probable that a still larger number will be enrolled during the coming season. We have space to give only a mention of the instructors and courses, with the dates of each school.

At Chautauqua, N.Y. (July 3-August 14), Professors William R. Harper of the University of Chicago, Rush Rhees of Newton Theological Institution, Frank K. Sanders of Yale, D. A. McClenahan of the United Presbyterian Seminary at Allegheny, and W. H. Marquess of the Presbyterian Seminary at Louisville, will offer instruction in Hebrew New Testament Greek, and the English Bible. In addition, Professor Harper will give a course of mid-week lectures on "The Philosophy of Hebrew Life and Thought, and Its Expression in Art, Literature, and History."

At the University of Chicago (July 1-September 23), whose biblical work is affiliated with the American Institute, thirty-one courses of study are offered under Professors Harper, Hirsch, Price, Goodspeed, R. F. Harper, Drs. Crandall, Breasted, and Willett of the Old Testament department of that institution; in the New Testament department ten courses are offered by Professors Burton, Mathews, and Dr. Votaw.

At Bay View Chautauqua Assembly (July 21-August 18), Professor F. K. Sanders of Yale will give instruction in Old Testament prophecy. Professor Sanders and Mr. Horace Hitchcock will give a series of talks illustrating the Sunday school lessons for the latter half of the current year; Professor Sanders and Rev. A. W. Stalker will give a course of twelve studies for the young people, on the "Method and Teaching of Jesus."

At the Nebraska Chautauqua Assembly, Crete, Neb. (June 30-July 9), Professor W. Douglas Mackenzie, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, will give a course of lectures upon "The Consciousness of Jesus and the Consciousness of his Apostles."

At the Midland Chautauqua Assembly, Des Moines, Iowa (July 17-22), Dr. H. L. Willett, of the University of Chicago, will give two courses of instruction in the English Bible: (1) "Prophets and Prophecy"; (2) "Sacred Literature."

At Lake Madison, South Dakota (June 24-July 3), Professor E. L. Parks of Atlanta, Ga., will give instruction daily in: (1) "The Life of Christ"; (2) "The Characteristics of the Four Gospels."

At Lakeside, Ohio (July 20-August 8), Professor Sylvester Burnham of Colgate University will give ten class lectures and two public lectures on Prophets and Prophecy.

At the Sabbath School Assembly of the Synod of Missouri, Pertle Springs, Mo. (August 11-26), Professor Willett will give a series of eight book studies in the New Testament.

At Macatawa Park, Mich. (the second week in August), Dr. Willett will give a series of lectures on Prophets and Prophecy.

At Winfield, Kan. (June 15-22), two courses of instruction will be given also by Dr. Willett: (1) The Life and Labors of the Apostle Paul; (2) A Study of Old Testament Literature.

Dr. Willett will also visit a new assembly at Bethany Park, Ind., and will give a course of lectures on The Beginnings of Christianity.

At the Eureka Encampment, Eureka, Ill. (July 26-31), Dr. Willett will also give a course of lectures on The Beginnings of Christianity.

The Maine Ministers' Institute in Cobb Divinity School, which meets August 30th to September 7th, has this year affiliated itself with the American Institute. It announces twenty-five lectures under the following instructors: Profs. G. R. Berry of Colgate University; H. R. Purinton of Cobb Divinity School; A. W. Anthony, Cobb Divinity School; F. E. Woodruff, Bowdoin College; Rev. Martin Summerbell, Cobb Divinity School; Rev. F. B. Hayes, Cobb Divinity School; Rev. S. C. Whitcomb, Bangor, Me.; Rev. C. F. Penny, Auburn, Me.; Prof. W. H. Hartshorn, Bates College; President Nathaniel Butler, Colby University; Rev. J. B. Jordan, Providence, R. I.; Rev. J. A. Howe.

At all these schools special conferences upon the best methods and plans for Bible study are held.

It will be remembered that all the work of the American Institute is under the direction of the Council of Seventy, a body of Biblical instructors from the leading universities and seminaries of the country.

Old and New.

Leo XIII is going to send to Queen Victoria a superb sedia, or portable chair, much the same as that in which the Pope is borne in state when he has to appear at great religious ceremonies. It is said that the form of gift was suggested by the necessity that might arise should the Queen decide to enter St. Paul's on Commemoration day.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Mrs. M. L. Robbins of Maine last season, from four cows, made 1,600 pounds of fine butter. This amount of 400 pounds of butter each from four cows in a dairy herd of ten is quite remarkable. All of this herd, or nearly all, are descended from one extra cow of the Maine State Jersey Registry, and by breeding and good selection from year to year the above results in a working dairy have been reached.—*Farmer's Call.*

It is not every great man who carries his honors as meekly as the mayor of Iverness, who rebuked an admiring crowd in the words: "Frens, I'm just a mortal man like yersels." Sir Wilfrid Lawson tells the following story: "A woman was once pursuing her fugitive cow down a lane when she called out to some one in front: 'Man, turn my cow.' The man took no notice and allowed the cow to pass. When she came up, she said: 'Man, why did you not turn my cow?' He replied: 'Woman, I am not a man; I am a magistrate.'"—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Nature Provides

Proper Food for all Her Creatures.

A man feels like he was in deep water and a long ways from shore when he finally arrives at the conclusion that no medicine on earth can cure his particular disease. He has probably tried one after another, with hope each time that the new one will do its work; but dismal failures succeed one another regularly, and finally reason forces one to abandon hope from medicines.

Right at that juncture is the time to remember that nature has provided food for the sustenance of all of her creatures, and if we will but use nature's food and drink properly she will come powerfully to the aid of the sick one.

All educated doctors agree that their duty is to assist nature, and that nature alone can do the healing.

Try leaving off coffee for ten days, and use the concentrated food elements in Postum Cereal Food Coffee; mark well the effect.

A cleaning up of the foul tongue and breath, brightening of the eyes, natural hunger, meals digested, and that peculiar feeling of vigor and strength which makes the man or woman go about the daily work with a feeling of pleasure and power to accomplish which makes life worth the living and the possessor a blessing to him or herself and the community at large.

Dishonest grocers sometimes offer an imitation of the original Postum Cereal Food Coffee as "just as good as Postum." Look for the red seals, "It makes red blood."

It is a crime to serve Postum with skim milk. Use pure cream, and make it black and rich as Mocha.

The lens of the famous Yerkes telescope, which has just been placed in the observatory at Geneva Lake, Wis., was made by Alvan G. Clark. It is stated that the taking up of telescope-making by the father of Mr. Clark was the result of an accident. When George Bassett Clark, a brother of the present Alvan G. Clark, was a student at Phillips Academy, Andover, he gathered up the castaway fragments of a broken bell, and, taking them home, melted them with some tin in a crucible in the kitchen fire. His mother smiled at his statement that he was going to make a telescope, but his father became interested in the matter, and, laying aside his paints (for he was an artist), he gave his time and genius to the work, and together they fashioned a 5-inch reflecting telescope. This was the beginning from which have emanated in gradual succession the famous reflecting telescopes of Vienna University, 12-inch aperture; Northwestern University, 12¾-inch; Lick Observatory of California, 36-inch; and, finally, the lens to the Yerkes telescope, 40-inch aperture. It is a matter of no small import that the only man to-day who is capable of making these great lenses is in his eighty-second year. The first official sight through the great lens was made by President Harper of Chicago University, Friday night, May 21st. The lens, so far as can be determined by this casual test, more than fulfills any expectations which have been entertained concerning it.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Do You Feel Irritable?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It makes a refreshing, cooling beverage and is an invigorating tonic, soothing to the nerves.

Where will you spend the summer? Try Grainwood twenty miles south of St. Paul on the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Beautifully located on a high, well-wooded peninsula projecting into Prior Lake, one of the most picturesque lakes in Minnesota—about seven miles long and three wide, affording most excellent black bass fishing. Grainwood consists of a hotel, where excellent meals are served for all the guests, and a number of cozy cottages, delightfully located among the trees, all under the personal supervision of Mrs. Bolles. There is a fine hard sand bathing beach and bath houses within a few minutes' walk of the hotel; good row boats and sailing, tennis court, base ball grounds, dancing pavilion and plenty of shaded nooks and pleasure grounds. Open from May 1st to October 1st. Address Mrs. A. R. Bolles, Grainwood, Prior Lake, Scott Co., Minnesota.

THE TEMPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY of Denver Col., has published a lecture by Paul Tyner on "Bodily Immortality."

One of the horrors of the Siberian exile system, which "blackens the face of Russian civilization," has been the march of the condemned to their destination through the wildernesses, where thousands of victims have found relief by death from the terrible sufferings endured on the way. Thanks to the extension of the Siberian railway, this dreadful factor of the Russian punitive policy has been abolished. The Siberian exiles are hereafter to be conveyed by railway to within a short distance of the penal settlements, and the fatal horrors of the long march to Siberia are to be done away with.

A White Conscience.

There is no joy so real,
No peace profound and sure,
All pains of life to heal,
And aches of heart to cure,

As when within its deeps
The soul finds its own strength,
And a white conscience keeps
Throughout life's weary length.

No peace can come to bless,
Save when the heart is right;
When truth and nobleness,
Are our supreme delight.

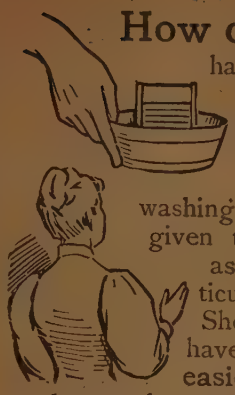
Then death can have no sting,
No victory the grave;
The soul in joy can sing,
For its own truth doth save.

Not Hell can give him pain
Whose Heaven lies within,
A conscience free from stain,
Triumphant over sin.

He needs no crown to wear,
No compensating prize,
No "gift" of God to share,
No unearned Paradise.

Enough to do and be
What truth and right demand,
Saved through integrity
With conscience white to stand!

—OTIS ORMSBY.



How did it

happen that the old-fashioned, laborious way of washing was ever given to woman as her particular work? She ought to have had the easiest things to do—and strong, healthy men have taken up this washing business. Here is a suggestion. In those families that stick to soap and make their washing needlessly hard, let the men do that work. They're better fitted for it. In the families that use **Pearline** and make washing easy, let the women do it. They won't mind it. 517

Millions NOW USE Pearline

Nashville's Big Show.

The opening of the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, May 1st, was celebrated under the most favorable auspices, the event being attended by fair weather and fully 50,000 visitors. The Exposition is described as being the finest and most attractive held in recent years.

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THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL.

(EIGHTH SEASON.)

WHERE IT IS, AND HOW TO GET THERE.

Tower Hill is situated on the historic site of old Helena. On its heights once stood the Helena shot-tower, overlooking the Wisconsin River. It is located in Iowa County, three miles south of Spring Green. This is its post-office, telegraph and railway stations. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien division of the C., M. & St. P. R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison, about eight hours' ride from Chicago. Special summer resort rates on the above road from the first of July to the first of October, $8 round trip from Chicago.

THE COURSES OF STUDIES AND LECTURES.

The studies for 1897 will be a continuation of studies in literature established last year. It will hold its sessions August 8 to 22, inclusive. The school will be opened on Sunday afternoon, August 8, with an introductory sermon. On Sunday, the 15th, a grove meeting will be held, at which a number of prominent ministers will speak. Saturday evenings will be given to social reunions and popular lectures. The exercises will close with religious services on Sunday, the 22d. All the exercises will be held in the pavilion of the company on Tower Hill. The school will be divided into five courses, a tentative outline of which is furnished below, subject to such revisions, omissions and additions as necessity may demand:

I. A popular interpretation of the Greek dramatists, by Henry M. Simmons of Minneapolis, lectures to be given on alternate evenings, as follows:

1. Introductory, on the Greek Drama and Dramatists.
2. Æschylus' "Prometheus."
3. Sophocles' "Antigone," and connected Theban Plays.
4. Euripides' "Medeia."
5. Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis" and Æschylus, "Agamemnon."
6. The Orestean Plays.

II. A course of five lectures in modern fiction, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, to alternate with Mr. Simmons' lectures, noticed above; the novels selected with a special view of offering material for subsequent co-operative studies by Unity clubs and home classes, Chautauqua circles, etc. An outline course of studies upon each of the novels will be presented:

1. Ebers' "Uarda."
2. Kingsley's "Hypatia."
3. Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."
4. Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."
5. Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."

III. A Search for Ten Great Poems in English literature, consisting of interpretative readings by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the selection of the poems being based on the estimate of a large number of prominent students of literature. It will be a companion study with the search for "Ten Great Novels," the results of which were published by Mr. Jones in 1884. This exercise will be conducted in the forenoons.

IV. Interesting features of Wisconsin geology, consisting of three afternoon talks and three afternoon excursions, by Prof. E. C. Perisho, of the State Normal School of Platteville, Wisconsin.

V. A study of birds, with special reference to the birds within sight and hearing, consisting of three afternoon talks and three afternoon excursions conducted by O. G. Libby, Ph. D., University of Wisconsin.

PREPARATORY READINGS AND HELPS.

The program is announced this early, hoping that it will direct the reading of a large number of those who intend to be present, thereby greatly adding to the interest and profit of the school.

For Mr. Simmons' lectures, read any standard translations of the dramas. Perhaps the most available are found in Morley's Universal Library, Routledge & Sons, London, one shilling each author, or all the tragedies of the poets for about 5 shillings. Those having them all will be better listeners.

For Mr. Jones' course, read as many of the novels themselves as possible. For "The Ten Great Poems," a little pamphlet will be published containing the correspondence, and will be ready for distribution, it is hoped, by the 1st of July. This and the companion pamphlet on "The Ten Great Novels" can be ordered from the office of THE NEW UNITY, Chicago.

For Mr. Perisho's work, any standard work on geology, such as "Geology of Wisconsin," Vol. I, Chap. 4 to 9, and 15; the pre-Cambrian, Cambrian, and Silurian Ages, as treated in Dana's, American Book Co.; Le Conte's, Appleton Co., or Shaler's "Aspects of the Earth," Chas. Scribner & Sons; "The Story of Our Continent," Ginn & Co.

Dr. Libby recommends for his work Chapman's "Birds of Eastern North America," Appleton & Co. Further bibliography will be furnished at the time. The reading of the books of Henry Thoreau, John Burroughs, Maurice Thompson, Olive Thorne Miller, and the like, is urged.

OFFICERS OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

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Vice-Presidents, Miss Emma E. Underwood, Supt. of Schools for Iowa Co., Wis.; Prof. E. J. Perisho, Platteville State Normal School.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Kelly, Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

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The company's grounds are equipped with water works (which draws its supply from the Potsdam sandstone), pavilion, dining-room, garden, stables, longhouses (sections furnished for two), besides a number of private cottages, tents, tenting privileges to all who wish to attend the institute, and sites for building cottages to all shareholders.

TERMS.

Registration fee, giving holder the privileges of all the exercises of the Summer School for two weeks, $2.00; single admission for the day or evening lectures, 25 cents; family tickets admitting all the members of one family to any or all exercises, $4.00. Board at Tower Hill, single meals, 25 cents; per week, $3.50. Room in Long Houses for two, with necessary furnishing, per week, $3.00; the same for season, from July 1 to September 14, $20.00. Accommodations in tent, with cot, campers to bring their own bedding, during the Summer School, $3.00; the same for the season, as above, $15.00. The Tower Hill buckboard meets all trains at Spring Green, when notified; single ride, 25 cents; trunks, 25 cents extra. Parties of five or more can hire buckboard for driving at the rate of ten cents each per hour.

Tent accommodations cannot be guaranteed during the school unless engaged by August 1.

For further particulars concerning membership and program, apply to the secretary, Mrs. A. L. Kelly, Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago: concerning board and other accommodations, address, up to first of July, Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, 4014 Ellis Ave., Chicago; after first of July, the same at Spring Green, Wis.

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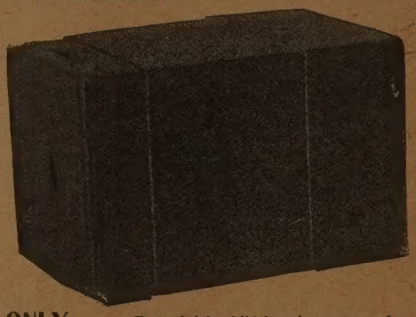

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The Curability of Consumption and all Lung Diseases.

Continued from last issue.

Consumption is curable in all stages before the lungs are actually broken down, if properly treated, and many have been cured even when the lungs have become completely disorganized. The frightful fatality of the disease is due to the false theory that has been in existence for centuries, and physicians of all schools, through following it, have adopted wrong systems of treatment.

This theory was that consumption was a constitutional malady of the general system, caused by an inherited taint in the blood; they tried to get at the blood instead of the lungs, and by feeding the blood with drugs, in some cases paralyzed the vital powers of the body on which all healing depends. This theory has now been abandoned by the leading minds of the age, but the treatment still remains faulty, as in the case of Professor Koch, who knows the disease is local to the lungs, but to cure it injects poisonous lymph into the blood.

In 1851 Dr. Robert Hunter, my father, founded the inhalation treatment, and both treatment and theory are approved by the results obtained in practice, and are supported by the testimony of living witnesses thus saved and restored to health. There are 50,000 cases on record treated by us which show results never attained or deemed possible by any other physicians.

The treatment consists in the use of an inhaling instrument and medicines to be used three times a day, external applications, and such general treatment as may be found necessary according to the case.

Under this treatment, all forms of lung disease, as Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and Chronic Pneumonia, all rapidly improved, and in time were completely cured.

The recent advent of La Grippe has assumed an epidemic form here for the last three or four years, and which is generated in the air and produced by living animal organisms acting on the air passages, causing a flow of mucus which clogs the tubes and oppresses the lungs. This prevents the proper arterialization of the blood, which, in consequence, lingers and stagnates in the capillaries, causing first congestion and then a specific form of pneumonia.

The microbes which produce it, and the mucous membrane inflamed and diseased by their action are in the air passages which lead to the lungs, and the air cells of the lungs themselves. To destroy these germs and restore the inflamed parts to health is what is required to effect its cure. The treatment employed by us with success in every instance, is as follows: By employing medicines which have power to kill these germs, and reducing them to the air, gas, or vapor so that the patient can breathe them into the lungs, we strike at the very root of the malady and bring all diseased parts under the direct curative action of the remedies. The benefit experienced is immediate, and the cure quickly and permanently effected. I am convinced that the melancholy fatality which so often attended it, together with the weakened health and increasing liability to lung diseases it has left us as a legacy, are mainly chargeable to the unscientific and empirical manner in which it was generally treated by stomach medication.

A few of the cases giving results obtained by this treatment:

SABULA, IOWA.

Dr. E. W. Hunter:

I cannot say enough in praise of your treatment by inhalation. I was taken with La Grippe to which Lung Fever set in in the worst form, till, finally, my left lung was stopped up entirely, and my cough was horrible. I had two of the best doctors in the country, but they could do me no good; they were completely baffled, and after five months of sickness they pronounced my case a hopeless case of Quick Consumption, and it would only be a question of time, and death would claim the victim. But my dear wife, not being satisfied with their opinions, made inquiry and heard of Dr. Hunter and sent for him, for I was so weak that I could not raise my head from the pillow, and therefore could not go to see him. In the meantime all the doctors could give me was morphine, and you all know what that will do, and Rock and Rye, which is not bad to take. Dr. Hunter came, prescribed medicine by inhalation, and from the time I commenced using his treatment, I commenced to feel well, and in less than a month I was able to go to Chicago, which is 150 miles, to see him myself. My doctors here said it would not be a cure—it would only help me for a short time, but it was two years ago, and I am a well man, weighing 200 pounds. I cannot praise Dr. Hunter enough, for I know it was his treatment that saved me from an early grave. Inhalation is the only true method of treating the lungs.

I had a second attack of the La Grippe, and ran down somewhat, called on Dr. Hunter, and used the medicine again for a month, and gained fifteen pounds, and I feel as well as any one.

J. H. SEEMAN, Sabula, Iowa.

BUCKLEY, ILL., March 26, 1892.

Dr. E. W. Hunter:

DEAR SIR—I take pleasure in recommending your inhaling treatment for consumption, it being very successful in my case, which was pronounced incurable by my home physician, I having had several hemorrhages and night sweats. Accidentally having heard of your method of treating lung diseases by inhalation, I gave it a trial, and heartily testify that it has returned my health, and I have every reason to believe effected a permanent cure.

MRS. JOHN A. KOPLIN.

PULLMAN, ILL.

Being troubled with my lungs considerably, spitting up matter, being tired on slight exertion, and running down in weight, I called on Dr. E. W. Hunter of Chicago, for treatment. I continued under his treatment for a short time and recovered my health completely, and weigh at the present time 184 pounds, weighing from 134 to 140 pounds when I first saw him.

CHARLES CORKEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Edwin W. Hunter,

34 and 36 Washington Street, Chicago.

NOTE.—A pamphlet on the subject of Lung Diseases and their Cure will be sent free on application.

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